

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Election Night.
They were crowded in the annex, Not a soul that cared to sleep, It was midnight in the city. They had drunk both long and deep—
There had been an election, And the boys had saved the State, They had met at candle lighting, And begun to celebrate.
Tom sat in the corner Smiling blandly into space, Dick was weeping sadly Wiping tears drops off his face, Harry spouted poems To the others deep disgust, Jack said he was mortal And that he was dry as dust; You could light a candle At the Captain's ruddy nose And the landlord's other roomers Vainly sought for their repose, And the landlord battered On the panels of the door, Told them all to get to windward, And return there never more, And they departed slowly Burdened with their several cares, "We are drunk!" the Captain shouted, As he tumbled down the stairs.

In Regard to Lawlessness in Pocahontas County.
Mr. Editor: The people of Pocahontas County are horrified at the terrible murder that occurred near the line between the Counties of Pocahontas and Pendleton, and well they may be for I think it is the first time in the history of Pocahontas County in which there has been a willful, deliberate, premeditated murder by lying in wait for the purpose of robbery. The peddler, who was murdered, had paid his license to the State for the purpose of earning a living by vending his goods and wares, and that license was an implied contract on the part of the State that the man holding it should not only have a right to vend his goods in the territory mentioned, but that he should have safe conduct through said territory and the protection of an enlightened people. The murderers followed the foot steps of the poor peddler with the relentlessness of blood hounds and, from ambush, shot and killed him, and his blood cries to Heaven for the ground for a vindication of that law which says "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." Yes, all our people are horrified at this "Murder most foul, as in the best it is; but this most foul, strange and unnatural," for, although money is plenty in the land and labor is scarce, these murderers might have earned their money by honest labor instead of wading to it through the blood of their fellow man. Small misdemeanors contribute to great crimes. The only safeguard to a Republic is the strict adherence to law and a strict application of law to crime. There is no license granted in Pocahontas County for the vending of whiskey, wine, beer, ale or drinks of like nature, yet there is hardly a little town in the County in which there is not some one who is illicitly selling whiskey. There are several towns in the County in which barrooms are run as wide open as in the counties where they are licensed, and the whiskey that is sold in these houses is the worst beverage of hell that can be concocted. The man imbibing it is at the mercy of the highwayman who has given it to him, and thus held him up, and not only is his intelligence and reason destroyed but he is made "Fit for treason, rebellion and spoil." The people of Pocahontas must rouse from their lethargy and must demand a vindication of the law. They must not only demand this but they must put their shoulders to the wheel and see that it is brought about. There can be no question that there are more people in favor of law and order than of lawlessness in Pocahontas County. Then why this state of affairs? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" Not only the blood of the peddler will cry against Heaven for vengeance, but the chil-

dren who go hungry on account of the permission of the people of this county to the agents of the devil to vend the beverage of hell, will hold up hands to high Heaven and require a compensation of you for the surroundings that you in your lethargy have permitted to surround them, and desolated homes will require an answer of you here and hereafter. In the neighborhood where this peddler was killed there are about forty children between the ages of six and twenty-one and yet the nearest school house is a distance of eight miles. The Board of Education of Greenbank District is composed of Christian gentlemen. We believe and teach that education will reduce crime to the minimum. Who is going to be responsible for those forty children who are growing up in Pocahontas County without the facilities for an education, although the people there pay their taxes? We are constantly asked to contribute to "Foreign Missions" but do you think, my Christian friend that you had better contribute to those that are near you? "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun." We are asked to contribute to "Home Missions." Does a corpse of this go to help the children who, like the Ethiopian, are standing with arms held out and crying with voices that reach high Heaven. "Come over and help us!" Gentlemen of the Board of Education of Greenbank District, look into this matter. You have no right to expect to find a law abiding citizen among those that are without the pale of civilization and you, in this instance are your brother's keeper. We must educate to make a better class of citizens, and, until we do "Foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

I have merely written this article to call the attention of my friends in this county to the fact that law breakers would have no place among us if we did our simple duty.

Very truly yours,
R.

A Mighty Hunter.
Ben Coontz and A. L. Zirkle, residents of this place and R. G. Thorrin from Laurel W. Va. were out on the Cheat river hunting. A. Zirkle had his two hounds with him, and they chased a large black bear into the Cheat river. Ben Coontz was watching for the bear and was sitting up in a bend in the river about two hundred yards from the river so all at once to his surprise a large black bear sprang into the river and swam across to the opposite side before Coontz saw him. He took aim and at two shots the bear lay dead upon the rocks. The next day they went out and on Shafers Mountain Ben Coontz saw a large deer coming through the brush. He took aim and three shots finished its life. So this ended their hunting trip and they returned to their homes to tell of their heroic adventures.

George Phares, of Valley Bend and Ben Coontz were out hunting and found a bee tree on the waters of the Middle Fork which they cut short time ago and they got 110 lbs good honey.—Cassidy Co. Randolph Enterprise

W. P. Hubbard, of Wheeling, has been mentioned as one of the new boards of directors of the Equitable Life Insurance Company. We fear the Mr. Hubbard is much too honest a man to complain much wealth to this country.

The influenza has about subsided. No new cases for a long time and the quarantines expire. Much credit should be given to Dr. J. W. Yeager, president of the town board of health, for prompt and efficient measure to prevent the spread of the disease.

Lewisburg comes to the front with the largest hog. It is the proud boast of the Greenbrier Independent that Harry Belin, of that historic town, killed a three year old hog which weighed 350 pounds.

NOTES BY THE WAY

On a Ministerial Outing to Stony Bottom Vicinity.
First Paper.
November 4th, 1905, I came so near being late for the train for Stony Bottom that my waiting at the Marlinton station was brief to what previous waitings had been. It was long enough however to have a few words with Squire Kee. He was moving towards the ticket widow in a way that I was impressed with the notion he wanted a ticket also. "Squire, are you about to leave our country, too?" "No, sir, I will never leave this country for you may depend on what I say for that." The tone and manner was so suggestive that I at once recalled what his venerable mother, Mrs. Ruth Kee, used to any one making sport of Pocahontas: "You must not say anything against Pocahontas for it is all the county we have." The Squire's manner suddenly changed and he looked as if he thought he had been talking a little too fast and he observed: "Well, Mr. P., it cannot be very long until we two shall have to leave this country anyhow." While speeding along up the line the Squire's words lingered in my memory and a verse I had committed to memory more than sixty years previously, and which I had I had heard so frequently sung at scores of religious meetings by tongues now long silent in the grave, came to mind: "Lo! on a narrow neck of land Twixt two unbounded seas I stand Yet how insensible A point of time, a moments space Removes me to you heavenly place Or shuts me up in hall!" With such thoughts so fresh in my mind, let it pass without saying that the gloom of the Harter tunnel seemed strangely repulsive and when the light beamed at the exit, it seemed unusually sweet and inspiring.

At the Stony Bottom station Bessie McAlpin was there with a message from her mother to come right to her house for dinner. As we passed leisurely along over the road I recalled the contrast of that Saturday morning at Bessie's home with the Saturday morning five weeks before when herself, father, mother, brothers and sisters were waiting in sorrow by the cradle where the darling of the home was slowly breathing its precious life away. Had the Poet Wordsworth been there to question Bessie as we walked the ties he might have named his pathetic poem "We are Twelve," instead of "We are Seven," for in Bessie's case there were six in heaven and six on earth. The father of this beloved home had to be away in the holy duty of winning bread for those he had to care for and would be absent for weeks. The mother faithfully at home, trying to do her useful part. A beautiful dinner was served and then arrangements were made for a household baptism. Five of the six remaining children were baptised. The two eldest, Maud and Bessie were received the following Sabbath morning on profession of their faith as members of the church.

At the conclusion of the services at the Alexander Memorial church that morning Stephen Barnette, a patriarchal member of the M. E. Church South, and a prominent leader of religious work in the vicinity approached me, saying he had brought a horse for the express purpose of taking me home with him to stay as long as I pleased. I felt it would be too unbecoming for me to ride and he to walk the muddy road home, and I rather hesitated. It was soon manifest that the Confederate veteran meant business and ride I must. The horse let me mount him without much apparent objection, but seemed to draw the line when I reached for my carriage. Thereupon Brother Barnette took my valise and led the way homeward. We

reached his hospitable dwelling just in time to avoid a chilly November rain, and here I found all that a blazing fire, a bountiful table and a downy bed may imply for the weary and the hungry after two hours of varied public services. Monday morning there were signs that the mists might roll away from the summits of Cheat and the neighboring ranges and declining to receive any further attentions from my friends after all that had been done for my comfort I set out for the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Galford, nestled away among the slopes and foothills of Cheat. In the three-fourths of a mile that intervened I did some as steep climbing as ever falls to a hill climber, and walked over some as green sod as ever carpets the meadows and pastures of this ideal region. I found Mrs. Eliza Galford had been hoping and wishing, and if I had not paid her the visit in evidence there might have been a "very tough crew to pick," what ever that may mean. For five years this person of remarkable industry and energy has been a comparatively hopeless invalid. Rheumatism and other ailments have made her helpless almost as a little child. Her main solace now is her Bible and the Central Presbyterian. It is a question with me whether a more appreciative reader is to be found among the that subscribe for that widely known periodical. I hope there may be thousands as appreciative but as to there being any more so I have my misgivings. By day and by night what the Central says seems to be her meditation. At the time of my visit she seemed much exercised in spirit because of the cars running on Sunday, and about the badness among the big folks shown by the divorce and annulment matters. In her opinion people that break the Sabbath would not let God have anything if they could keep Him out of it. As they do not allow Him one day in seven it looks to her such people are not willing to let Him have anything at all in the world if they could avoid it. And so it will all come to just this: One or the other will have to give up and when it comes to such a pass as that it is plain who will overcome. In her opinion, too, divorce and what divorces stand for mean that the fountain of human existence is being poisoned and if something is not done in the way of God's special interference in human affairs there will be nothing coming to the future of humanity, nothing for patriots to bleed for, nothing for statesmen to legislate for. It seems to me that if people generally would take time for reflection they would see and feel as this thoughtful woman sees and feels, and the impending judgments might be averted were all to render to God the things that are God's and to Man the things that are Man's. This means an unchanging principle which if applied to changing circumstances would keep all in purity, decency and order, and prevent collision between Human weakness and Divine omnipotence or all-power.

We held a cottage prayer meeting and tried to make melody in our hearts by singing "Alas and did my Savior bleed," and "Savior more than life to me." In the Scriptural reading our notice was specially called to the fact that in the eleventh of Luke we are taught the believer's prayer, "Our Father in Heaven," while John seventeenth is the Lord's prayer, since none but Christ, our everliving Intercessor, can pray such a prayer. Our personal interest in our Lord's intercessions is assured by this petition: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through the word; that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

Though the setting sun seemed just overhead, yet I knew night was near, and taking leave of my

friends I set out for the home where it was arranged for spending the night. After passing what seemed a mile over steep, velvety sod I came to a spring of purest crystal water. Using my metallic cigar box I lingered for quite awhile, drinking water which cheers and exhilarates like choice wine, yet free from all tendencies to inebriation or nervous prostration.

The Woodsman.
The woodsman is the best paid of all the laborers and he has no union to impose his worth on his employer. He draws his salary at irregular intervals and goes to the settlements. Some go to their homes and take a visit but a number of them seek the illusive joys of drink and cards. They have been penned up on the mountain working hard and leading a healthful life. They have had good food, good air, good water, regular hours. They are in highest physical condition and are ready for a good time. The friends are waiting for them, The man that does not sell liquor for a business but just enough to divide with his best friends. The woodsman gets a couple of bottles and sticks them in the bosom of his woolen shirt and proceeds to celebrate. Then comes to his other friend who wants to play poker and who will be ready to help himself to his friend, chips or deal a card from the bottom of the deck, as the night progresses.

Our woodsman wakes up feeling like his true place was in a graveyard with his money gone and gets back to the woods to work until he feels a hankering for the fleabots of Egypt once more. He is like everybody else in his respect, only the husky woodsman is more strenuous in his joys than the ordinary civilian.

Some years ago a friend of ours by the name Seldon, knocked off work one day for relaxation and went into Harmon to have a spree. A lady of that town had a slant where she disbursed a little liquor to her particular friends and he got just enough to get him going good. When he got out of liquor the night was not near dawn, and he went back to get some more. It was after calling hours and like the man that went to his neighbors in need, his friend refused to get up and supply him.

He probably realized that it was somewhat late and took the refusal in good part, and picked up the family axe and playfully threw it through the door. Now the ax flying in among the children and the lady not being able to take a joke had Seldon arrested and brought before the squire.

The squire heard the case. It seemed a little peculiar. But he decided that the prisoner had done wrong and fined him a dollar and the costs. Seldon said that he had no money. A friend offered to pay the fine. The prisoner snidly said if he did he would never pay him back. The friend said that did not matter. Then the prisoner took his well meaning friend out behind the house and sat down on a log and told him that he wanted to go home and that the county jail was on his road home and if he could be sent there it would mean a lift of thirty weary miles on his way. He added that he would escape from the constable where the path turned off to Pocahontas. The friend then disappeared without paying. The next day constable and the prisoner journeyed to the county seat on two horses. Where the path turned off was a spring and the constable got off to drink. Then he held the horse until the prisoner took a drink. The prisoner then jumped into the brush and was out of sight before the constable encumbered with two horses could bring his gun in play. Seldon reached home and went to work in a distant camp and that was the last he ever heard of the affair.

It looks now that Major C. D. Elliot will have no very serious opposition to his reappointment as Marshall of the Northern District of West Virginia.

The Lawyer's Story.
The young men had made great preparations for their fishing trip into the Indian Territory, and their disappointment was deep when on the very morning they were to start, the lawyer, whom they all liked, told them he could not go. To make the matter worse, his explanations were very lame and unsatisfactory; it was evident that he had given up the trip for some reason which he hesitated to name.

As a last resort the others went in a body-six of them-to his office and demanded that he tell them exactly why he had deserted, when he had been most enthusiastic in planning the outing.

"If you're really to understand it," he said, "I shall have to begin with my boy hood. My father the best father, I think that a boy ever had, always showed me a tenderness which even as a child I knew was somehow different from the love which my playmates had from their parents. It was not until I was perhaps fourteen years old that he told me why this was so.

"Although he himself lived a most exemplary life, his father his father's father and two of his uncles had been drunkards. The taste for liquor he believed to be hereditary in our family, and in me he had recognized many of the traits he himself possessed, and which had made his own life a long fight against the habit of drink. He pointed out the danger that lay before me, and begged me to give him my promise never, under any circumstances, to touch liquor. "It is your safety," he said, "Unless you make this resolution, and have the strength to keep it, the odds will be fatally against you, for like myself, you are easily influenced by others. If I thought that tomorrow you were to take your first drink I should pray to God that you might die today."

"Of course, I promised. He had never talked to me in that way before, and, of course it made an impression on me. I was frightened, and for several years I kept my promise. Then I went with some other young fellows on an all-day fishing trip. While we were eating our luncheon one of our number, a boy whom we all admired, took a bottle of whiskey from his pocket, drank from it, passed it to his next neighbor. The bottle went around the circle for no one dared refuse to follow George Reitz's lead. When it came to me, I tried to pass it on without drinking, but the others began to tease and ridicule me, until from sheer cowardice I took the drink. A second and a third followed, and I began to realize that I liked the stuff, and wanted more of it. My father's warning flashed across my mind:

"If you take one drink, you may be forever lost!"

The rest of the day passed wretchedly enough and I was glad when it was time to start for home. When I reached the house I found that my father, whom I had left in good health in the morning, was lying at the point of death. He had a sudden attack of heart disease. They told me he was very anxious to see me alone, and with breaking heart I entered his room.

"He could not move and could barely speak, but as I took his hand and bowed my head upon it, crying, he smiled tenderly and lovingly on me. When I grew calmer he spoke, although the effort was pitiful to witness:

"As I bent down to kiss him he noticed the odor of liquor in my breath. I shall never forget the look of agony, of despair in his eyes. "My poor-lost-boy!" he groaned; and these were his last words.

"Since that day, God helping me, I have never touched a drop of liquor. But I know my weakness. I don't dare to expose myself to temptation, and I never knowingly go where liquor is to be used. This morning while the provision wagon was being loaded, I saw that some one had sent along a case of whiskey. Forgive me, boys; I'm not preaching nor finding fault with you, but you see now why I can't go."

"You can go, and you shall go," spoke up the judge, who had provided the case of liquor, "for the whiskey is going to stay here." So the lawyer went, and a jolier, healthier, happier outing none of the men ever had.—Youth's Companion.

David V. Ruckman.
Mr. David V. Ruckman departed this life at his residence on Long Glade in this county, at 5 a. m. on Wednesday morning, after a brief illness of pneumonia in the 76th year of his age. Mr. Ruckman has been a prominent figure in Augusta and Highland counties and Pocahontas Co., W. Va., where he has been actively engaged for about forty years in the purchase and shipping of cattle. At one time he was a partner of Robert J. Glendy, the firm being Glendy & Ruckman, and their business ran to half a million or more dollars each year for several years. The fall in cattle in 1873 when Jay Cook's failure caused so disastrous a panic, drove Glendy & Ruckman to the wall in 1874. Mr. Glendy's death a few years after left the field to Mr. Ruckman, and he has been the largest shipper of cattle from this and Highland counties since that time.

He married Miss Herring, a daughter of the late Bethuel Herring of Long Glade, and has made his home at the old Herring farm ever since his residence in Augusta. His first wife died some years ago and within the last few years he was again married, his second wife being a Miss Eagle of Highland Co., who survives him. He has no children by the last marriage, but by his first marriage he leaves five children—Mrs. Wise Herold of Frost Pocahontas Co., W. V., Mrs. J. M. Bird of Hampton, Mrs. Margie Cook of Parksville, Mo., Mrs. W. P. Campbell of Mill Gap, Va., and Mr. D. Glenn Ruckman, who lived with him and assisted in his business.

Mr. Ruckman was born in Highland county near Green Hill, and lived there until he moved to Augusta. He has many relatives there. His father was Samuel Ruckman and his mother was a Miss Ginter. He was a man of large stature, able to endure a vast amount of physical labor, and was endowed with mental capacity of a peculiar and remarkable type. He found no transaction which appealed to him that he did not undertake with fearlessness, and the hardships of his chosen business were of peculiar delight. He seemed to rejoice in the hazard of the markets. He was one of the finest judges of live stock in Virginia, and was a thoroughly in love with his business as one could be.

—Staunton Spectator.

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